

THE ENTERPRISE

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Foot-ball is a favorite game because it is a source of exercise, fun and something to boot.

While the automobile is used by lovers, it does not throw young people together so much as the bicycle did.

A girl traveled 25,000 miles to get married to the man she loved. It is not specified whether his wind gave out or his rig broke down.

The one-man hold-up is becoming quite a feature of train robbery in the West. Everything appears to be running to vaudeville these days.

A man recently committed suicide in order that his wife might get \$2,000 life insurance. Such an unselfish man was "most good enough to keep alive."

Cheese is the mark of rank in Switzerland, and the social status of a family there is decided by the number and age of its cheeses. Some of the Swiss cheeses certainly suggest rank.

When nature exhibits the might of her destructive forces how puny the greatest efforts of human rage seem by comparison. Galveston's list of killed in a single night exceeds that of the Spanish-American and Anglo-Boer wars added together.

The father who hypnotizes his children to make them do his will, instead of scolding and whipping them, may get along easily with them, but won't find later on that the individual's independent will power, on which self-respect depends, has been destroyed?

The thirty largest cities in the United States show an increase in population in the last ten years of about 3,200,000. The drift of population is towards the cities. There are thousands of people who prefer to live in squalor in town than have the freedom of the country. There is more land for the landless than there is urgent demand for, if land in cities of over 100,000, and readily marketable for cash, is excluded.

A New England manufacturing company, which has taken a contract to make a large number of hats for the United States government, has abandoned the old plan of fines for carelessness and consequent mistakes on the part of its employees, and henceforth will reward skillful work by advances in wages and by money prizes. There is little doubt that the plan will prove a good one, both for the firm and for its employees, and that Uncle Sam's soldiers will get better hats in consequence of it.

The Agricultural Department has issued a bulletin on mosquitoes. It gives full information concerning the various breeds of mosquitoes that have to be dealt with in this country; it explains which kinds of mosquitoes bite the hardest; it gives diagrams of their drilling contrivances; it goes into minute details concerning the number of baby mosquitoes a reasonably industrious mamma mosquito may become responsible for in the course of a week or a year, and in fact it tells us all about mosquitoes—all but one important thing. The bulletin gives us no information as to how mosquitoes can get along for a whole season without sleeping a wink.

English postoffice clerks must hereafter address all male correspondents as "Esquire," unless they "are evidently laborers, personal servants or tradesmen." So rules the Marquis of Londonderry, postmaster general. His order tends to widen the application of the title, which has been held to belong to the eldest sons of certain noblemen, officers of the courts and the Queen's household, barristers, justices, sheriffs and ex-officers of the army and navy. In the United States the title is, perhaps, most properly given to attorneys; in practice, it is used as indiscriminately as the overworked "Honorable." But if one uniformly addressed Americans as "Mr." and Englishmen as "Esq.," the Englishman could not be offended, and the American would have no right to be.

The severity of Russia toward Finland is resulting in a large increase of the population of the United States, and an increase of industrious, law-abiding citizens. When Alexander I. wrested Finland from Sweden he promised his new subjects certain rights which they have enjoyed ever since. The present Czar, however, has broken this pledge, and by placing Russian officers in command of the Finnish army, substituting the study of the Russian language in the schools, abolishing the Finnish flag and by other oppressive acts, he has broken the national pride of a noble and patriotic people. In their sorrow the Finns are turning to America. Last year fifteen thousand emigrated. This year one steamship line alone has made contracts to bring fifty-five thousand to this country. Unlike most immigrants, these people seek the country rather than the city, for they are nearly all farmers. If they display here the qualities which have distinguished them at home, they will bring strength, not weakness, to the "and which offers them asylum."

Italy has now one of the youngest sovereigns and one of the oldest prime ministers in Europe. Victor Emmanuel III. is not yet 31, and Signor Cavalliere Giuseppe Saraceno, the head of

the cabinet, is 82. The young king and his venerable counsellor face a situation which calls for the courage of youth and the wisdom of age. For several years the forces of discontent have been increasing in numbers and activity. Partnership in the Triple Alliance has imposed heavy burdens upon Italy. Taxation has been onerous; food has been high. Two years ago there were dangerous riots which required the use of troops to suppress. The Government has tried to restrict the rights of public assembly, at first by legislation, and then by royal decree. It has tried to prevent parliamentary obstruction by giving the President of the Deputies arbitrary powers of suspension. But, as often happens, these measures have only intensified the evils which they were meant to check. In the parliament which was in session last spring, all business was blocked by violent demonstrations similar to those which paralyzed the Austrian Reichsrath. Deputies howled, sang, played on musical instruments and beat their desks for hours to prevent motions from being put, and the Government gave up the useless struggle and ordered elections for a new parliament. The elections took place in June. They gave the government a majority in the Chamber of Deputies; but they also showed that the government was in a minority on the popular vote. The various opposition candidates polled, altogether, nearly one hundred and fifty thousand more votes than the ministerial candidates. The Republicans and Radicals gained heavily, and the Socialists gained most of all.

The cost-of-living question is one that comes up for discussion at intervals in the majority of well-regulated American families. All other expenditures are so closely related to it and so frequently regulated by it that it may be regarded as the cardinal question of domestic life. The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston has recently carried on an investigation with the view of obtaining data which would serve the purpose of establishing a basis upon which there could be a common understanding of the problems involved and eventually a reasonable solution of them. The investigation resolved itself, of course, into an inquiry into household expenses and the results, and the principal source of information was the tabulated reports of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics. The schedule of statistics of particular moment was filled out by seventy families living in the vicinity of Boston. From a condensation of the report of the inquiry the following interesting facts are obtained: One family of two members was represented, and one of seventeen, but in general they ranged from three to twelve. The time for which expenses were reported covered nine months, and the items reported upon were (1) subsistence, (2) fuel and lights, (3) rent, (4) taxes and insurance, (5) servants and service, (6) furniture, fittings, and repairs. Only two of the families kept no servant. Of the remaining twenty-two employed one servant, while twenty-nine reported two, thirteen three, and four families reported four. One-half of the seventy families owned their houses, and the rents paid by the remainder ranged from \$18 a month to \$235. The total expenses for the whole period of nine months showed a wide range—from \$538 for a family of three to \$5,412.66 for a family of ten. The average total expense for all the families of five persons was found to be \$1,477.24. For six persons it was \$2,058.94. The total weekly cost of subsistence for families of different sizes ranged from \$7.25 for a family of two to \$54.95 for a family of twelve. The average cost of subsistence per week per person is found to be from \$2.60 in families of eight persons to \$4.50 in families of twelve. The lowest rate of all was \$1.29 a week for each of the members of a household consisting of eight, including one servant. In contrast with these was a family of two, with two servants, whose food cost \$8.31 for each week in nine months. The difference in the size of the families, the difference in the means at their disposal for supplying their various wants, render these statistics worthless. They simply show that seventy families have lived in seventy different ways, according to seventy different methods, depending practically upon seventy different kinds and sizes of incomes.

A Swim in the Dead Sea.
Every one has heard of the buoyancy of the water of the Dead Sea. It is virtually impossible to sink in the Dead Sea, and so great is the quantity of salt in the water that if you dip your hand in and draw it out again, you will immediately see the salt crystallizing in the sun. It is needless to remark that an involuntary mouthful of Dead Sea water is a horrible experience, never likely to be forgotten by the bather. However, if you don't stay in the water too long, a swim in the Dead Sea is a very extraordinary and pleasurable experience. The shores, as is well known, are strangely desolate, and they are strewn with bits of wood and branches of trees all crusted with brine in the most curious manner, and woe unto any one who goes into this water having open cuts or scratches on his body.

London's Population.
London has a population of 4,250,000, equalling the combined populations of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Rome.

A Confusion of Codes.
No less than five systems of law are in use in Germany.

"I know a Scotchman who says he never played golf in his life." "Good; we can teach him the game, and he can teach us the dialect."—Chicago Record.



The Good Old-Time Religion.
The good old-time religion that we have in Bowersville—That is the kind that suits me, an' the kind that always will. There ain't no pew that isn't free—the same as heavy grace—But when I sort o' claim a seat up in the "Amen" place. An' it is good to hear the way the old-time stanzas ring When Parson Brown lines out a hymn, an' says: "Arise an' sing."

The good old-time religion, an' the old-time music, too, It sets your soul a-singin' 'fore the verse is half way through. There ain't no high-priced singer, who seems too good for earth, A warblin' just enough to give the folks their money's worth. The congregation sings a song—it may get off the key—But still the old-time praise an' song is good enough for me.

The good old-fashioned heaven is the one I want to see, No fine spun "mental theory" can fill the bill for me. I'm livin' right, an' doin' right, an' prayin' in right, as well, An' hope that I, an' all the rest, will miss the old-time hell. Some people calls it "sheel," or some word that means the same, But I am old-fashioned 'nough to cling to its old-fashioned name.

The good old-time religion—the new kinds are too strange, But, thank the Lord, that heaven hasn't suffered any change. We still believe that heaven is our home up in the skies, An' it is still old-fashioned when we call it "Paradise." We've got new streets, an' electric lights, an' waterworks, but still We've got old-time religion in the church at Bowersville. —Baltimore American.

Is Your Soul Insured?
"Pa," said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee and looked into his face so earnestly, as if he understood the importance of the subject; "Pa, is your soul insured?" "What are you thinking about, my son?" replied the agitated father. "Why do you ask that question?" "Why, pa, I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured and your life insured, but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it; won't you get it insured right away?" The father leaned his head on his hand and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce, his barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings were all well covered by insurance; but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease, he had, the day before, taken a life policy for a large amount; yet not one thought had he given to his own immortal soul.

On that which was to waste away and become part and parcel of its native dust he had spared no pains, but for that which was to live on and through the long ages of eternity he had made no provision. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Speak a Kind Word.
Few people realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency, by words of encouragement in seasons of difficulty, by words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by effort and perseverance. Words fitly spoken often sink so deep into the mind and heart of the person to whom they are addressed that they remain a fixed, precious, and oft recurring memory—a continuous sunshine, lighting up years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death. A whole life has been changed, exalted, expanded, and illumined by a single expression of approval falling timely upon a sensitive and ambitious nature. Words of cheer cost nothing to the speaker. On the contrary, they are to him, as well as to the hearer, a source of great happiness, to be had for the mere effort of uttering them. The habit of speaking such words at appropriate times is easily acquired, while at the same time it is of much importance that it should be sedulously cultivated by all.

The Church's Hospitality.
"Every church should have a committee of ladies able and willing to call upon new-comers in the congregation," writes "A Minister's Wife," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "These ladies should be attractive personally and socially, and the minister's wife may or may not be a member of this committee; she should not be its chairman. This committee should be organized quietly by the minister, should remain as nearly unknown as possible, and should never be referred to from the pulpit nor in any church publication. If it is, half of its efficacy will depart. There should be a committee on hos-

pitality in every church—particularly if the church is large—whose business it is to welcome the visiting clergyman, the lecturer, the evangelist, and provide for him suitable entertainment elsewhere than at the minister's house, unless the minister has expressed a wish to receive and entertain such a guest."

Joy Out of Sorrow.
You will live to recognize the wisdom of God's choice for you. You will one day see that the thing you wanted was only second best. You will be surprised to remember that you once nearly broke your heart, and split the wine of your life, for what would never have satisfied you. You will meet again your beloved. You will have again your love. You will become possessed of a depth of character, a breadth of sympathy, a fund of patience, and ability to understand and help others, which, as you lay them at Christ's feet for Him to use, will make you glad that you were afflicted.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Tact.
Talent will carry a man a long distance, but tact will carry him a step farther. He who has great talent and little tact will be rated at less than he is, but he who has great tact and little talent will be accorded a place of honor. With some, tact is a birthright; with others, it is acquired by hard work and in the face of many failures. Like all other gifts of nature, it does not fall into the lap, but it may be had by purpose and effort.—Rev. Dwight E. Marvin.

Not Understood.
Not understood. We gather false impressions. And hug them closer as the years go by. Till virtues often seem to us transgressions. And thus men rise and fall, and live and die. Not understood. —Thomas Bracken.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

How Mental Vagaries Are Awakened by Suggestions.

We all know how a little thing will awaken memories long dormant and bring before us scenes which we supposed had been long since tucked away in some corner of the brain to remain forever. Scientists say that our thinking power is made up of a mass of gray matter, which receives impressions of happenings and things. This is accepted as scientific truth and it is ridiculous sometimes how the gray matter becomes tangled and what tricks it plays us.

In Chicago there is one young man who waxes mellow if you produce a coarse sponge before him. He says the scent of it makes him a boy again and places him among a noisy crowd of school children, as he was the first day he went to have his young ideas trained.

The scent of the sponge as the boys and girls washed their slates for the morning exercise was, he says, his first impression of school, and now it never fails to recall that very important time in his life.

The recollection is keen and he grows youthful as he talks of it. The odor of new paint is another awakener of memories. It recalls vividly a certain day at home during a very happy time of his life, and as the home folks are now scattered over the country and the young man is living in bachelor solitude this is another cause for mental disturbance.

The olfactories are said to recall impressions more quickly and more vividly than the other senses. A whiff of violet brings a thought of some feminine friend; a breath of a hay field an occasion when the cocks were chariots in imagination and the field a triumphal race course.

The odor of baking ginger cakes never fails to bring back to this page a humiliating occasion now some years old, when it was caught pilfering from the colander in which those goodies were placed to cool, and was sent in disgrace to sit on a slippery horsehair sofa in a dismal "front room."

To become a child again all that one has to do is to encounter an odor that was familiar in one's youth. The sweet smell of a bucket that has for its home an old-fashioned well, the scent of a churn, of raspberry bushes in bloom, of marshy ground—all are sufficient to plunge even a thoughtless person into a reverie that is as sad as it is sweet.—Chicago Chronicle.

White Man's Mysteries.

Francis Fox, a recent visitor to Bulawayo, says that a Matabele there made some very interesting remarks on the locomotive. This was his manner of describing it:

"It is a huge animal belonging to the white man. It has only one eye. It feeds on fire and hates work. When the white man pumps it to make it work, it screams. It comes from somewhere, but no one knows where."

But the engine in its normal state was as nothing compared with the creature when it was being oiled.

"It is a huge animal which has the fever very badly," said the Matabele. "We know, because the white man pours medicine into so many parts of its body."

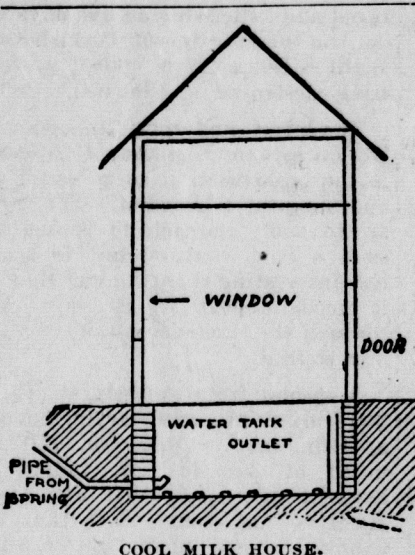
A Paper Hanger.

Paper can now be hung on the wall by machinery. The device has a rod on which a roll of paper is placed, and a paste reservoir with a feeder placed so as to engage the wrong side of the paper.



A Summer Dairy.

As shown in the drawing, the ground is dug out thirty inches deep at the north end to make a tank, which is supplied by the spring, and to keep the water cool the spring is closed in by a small house, well ventilated, and shaded to keep the heat of the sun off. The water is brought into the milk-house by a pipe buried in the ground to keep it cool. The tank is walled up with bricks or stone, and is covered by two falling half doors. The milk is set in the tank, in pails sixteen inches deep and nine or ten inches in diameter, with a tap in the bottom to draw off the milk and a strip of glass set in the bottom to show when the cream comes down. When the cream is down the tap is shut and the cream is poured out into a separate can in which it is kept to gather for three days, when it is ripened for churning. This tank is made wholly across one end of the house. The house is used for churning.



in, and this work is done early in the morning when the air is cool—just about daybreak is a good time—the milk having been ripened by a starter the evening before. The newly churned butter is put into a bowl, and may be kept in a pan set in the cold water on a shelf of bars put across one end of the tank. The tank is kept closed in by half doors hinged to the ends of the tank. If there is no spring this tank may still be used by supplying it with water from a well through a rubber hose kept for the purpose. In a house of this kind the best kind of butter may be made without difficulty, without ice, every day through the summer. The winter dairy is then made in a dairy attached to the house, and in a basement well lighted and having a cement floor, and if needed warmed in the coldest weather by an oil stove, to prevent freezing.

Corn and Cob Meal.

Evidence accumulates in regard to the value of grinding the corn and cob together for feeding to stock, as was the custom of our fathers. It is claimed that the pure meal packs so much closer in the digestive organs as not to be as thoroughly acted upon by them as the lighter meal when the cob is ground. At the North Carolina station they found that 100 pounds of ears of dent corn had 81½ pounds of kernels and 18½ pounds of cob. There was 71.17 pounds of dry matter, of which 61.84 pounds was digestible in the kernel, and 16.40 pounds of dry matter of which 7.11 was digestible in the cob. Then the whole ear ground should be nearly 13 per cent better than the kernels alone, an important item, well repaying the cost of grinding. At the Kansas station they reported that in a feeding test with pigs, 650 pounds of corn and cob meal made 100 pounds of gain, while of the pure meal it took 670 pounds. Taking the North Carolina figures with these, we find that the number of pounds of ears making 100 pounds of pork, when all was ground together, would make but little over 80 pounds when only the kernels were ground. A Nebraska farmer who feeds many cattle says he finds it profitable to grind corn and cob when it is 25 cents a bushel, and having his own mill with sweep power, he can grind it for a half cent a bushel. But all agree that fine grinding is important.

New Early Potato.

Despite the fact that some growers do not favor the early Ohio potato, the variety is regarded by many as the best of the early varieties, which adds that a white form of the variety is being introduced. It originated with a Western



EARLY OHIO POTATO.

grower, who, having used Northern seed, found three years ago a plant producing pure white potatoes, identical in every way with the best of the old Ohio except in color, which is a fine white.—American Gardening.

The Mowing Machine.

We remember when the first mowing machines began to be used there were many farmers who expressed an opinion that they cut so close to the ground that the grass roots would be burned out by the heat of the sun if there was not rain soon. Probably this

has sometimes happened upon certain soils, where the roots did not penetrate deeply, and where the stand of grass was so thin that the stubble did not shade the soil at all to prevent the evaporation from it. Yet many of the same farmers cut their grass closer to the ground with the hand scythe than the mowing machine cut; that is, they did so in the center of the swath, for they were not what we call good mowers, pointing in and out and leaving the stubble level, but cut with a swing that left each swath what we called a "hog trough" high where the swaths met, but very low in the center. The most obvious way to remedy the danger of cutting too low would be to set the knives higher, but it is not the best way. Make the soil light and porous by having plenty of vegetable matter in it, and rich enough to grow a thick turf, and there is little danger of the sunshine injuring the roots, and a shower or even a heavy dew will cause it to brighten up very quickly.—American Cultivator.

Push the Chicks.

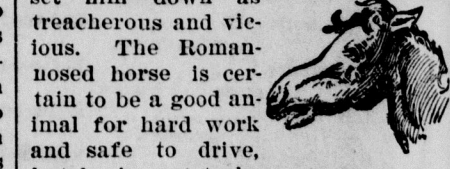
Growing chicks cannot be persuaded to eat too much. Push them along so that they will attain full growth before cold weather sets in. The pullets of early hatchings, if well fed and in warm quarters, should be ready by winter, and if the quarters are warm enough they should lay fairly well all winter.

Separate the young roosters from the pullets if it is possible and feed the extra, so that they may be full grown and well fleshed when the time comes to sell them. They should be kept hungry, yet have sufficient to eat. A good plan is to give them enough to only partially satisfy their appetite in the morning and never enough during the day, so that they will hunt around for food. The exercise will do them good. But for the evening meal they should have enough of good grain to fill their crop, so that they can go to roost comfortably. Late hatched chicks should receive the very best of care and be pushed along as rapidly as possible, as it is easier to do this now than when the weather becomes cold.

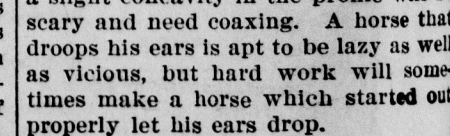
When the chickens have attained their full growth or nearly so, and the fattening period begins, they should be confined in a small yard, so that while they may have a little exercise yet not the unlimited run they are accustomed to. If the fattening is to be done very rapidly, each bird should be confined in a small coop just large enough for them.

To Judge Horse Character.

Horse phenology is the latest discovery of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England. According to Harold Leeney, a member of the college, it is easy to tell a horse's character by the shape of his nose. If there is a gentle curve to the profile and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive it is safe to bank on the animal as gentle and at the same time high-spirited. If, on the other hand, the horse has a dent in the middle of the nose it is equally safe to set him down as treacherous and vicious. The Roman-nosed horse is certain to be a good animal for hard work and safe to drive, but he is apt to be slow. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be scary and need coaxing. A horse that droops his ears is apt to be lazy as well as vicious, but hard work will sometimes make a horse which started out properly let his ears droop.



HIGHEST TYPE OF HORSE.



WORST TYPE OF HORSE.

Stacking the Straw.

In some way the wheat and oat straw should all be utilized. If it cannot all be fed to the stock to advantage, it can at least be used for bedding, and in this way be converted into manure. There are few farms where the manure were taken to make, save and store more manure, better crops at a less cost would be grown, and where wheat and oats are made a part of the farm crops, the straw should in some way find its way back to the land.

Straw alone is not a complete food. Animals must consume too large a bulk of it, more than can be properly digested if even a fairly thrifty condition is maintained. But if combined with other materials it can be used to a good advantage. If mixed with clover hay and a small proportion of wheat bran is added, a very good ration is provided and one that is at the same time economical. Like everything else saved for feed much depends upon the condition. With a little care in stacking, so that it will keep in a good condition it can be used to a much better advantage either for feeding or bedding. Even when wanted for bedding it should be stacked up where it can be kept dry, as dry bedding will materially in making the stock comfortable in winter.

Transplanting Trees.

For each tree dig a big hole. Into the hole put all the scraps of old iron, tin cans, old bones and all the rubbish on hand. Get a bushel or more of the best soil you can find, leaf mold if possible, and make a soft bed, in which to set your tree, with its roots comfortably spread out. Scatter a little more good soil on top of the roots. Now pour at least one-half peck of small potatoes on top of all. Water well with warm water, and fill up the hole with good soil, which must be well firmed, but not packed. The growing potatoes will keep the soil about the trees loose, and gives the tree a start that will carry it well through the first summer. The potato tops serve both as a mulch shade.—Mrs. A. M. Kelly.

SOME STYLES IN CHILDREN'S DRESSES FOR SCHOOL.



The reopening of school is a source of regret to the children, but to mothers it brings problems of perplexity. Children are no respecters of dress, and the question of where-withal shall Katie, or Susie, or Rosie, be clothed is an ever-present one. Muslins and gingham must soon be put away and flannels and serges be made up into pretty costumes for the little people. Durability and simplicity should be prominent characteristics of school garments, but the little dresses should be pretty as well as useful. Maternal pride is ever ready to assert itself, and, happily, mothers no longer cling to the Puritanical idea that to put a pretty dress on a child means to swell unduly its bump of vanity. On the other hand, pretty clothes do not mean elaborate nor extravagant clothes. There is no more pitiable sight than a much befuddled, bejeweled and befrizzled grown-up little girl.

Cashmere is to be in high favor. None of the substitutes has stood the wear and tear like cashmere. Nun's veiling and mohair are also being used for early fall school frocks. Cheviots and the serges are old standbys. Tucks, cords, plaits and machine stitching and braiding are the principal trimmings for school dresses. Silk and velvet are employed for trimming, and lace in slight quantities. There are the fancy gold and silver braids, but these are better reserved for best frocks. Narrow black velvet ribbon is always a pretty and very suitable and durable garniture for the little gowns, and its possibilities of application are unlimited. Bright-tinted embroideries will be in great favor among trimmings, and they are very effective and appropriate. The Russian dress will be a popular design, and on these Russian embroidery will be much used as a trimming. Buttons are again fashionable, and they not only play a useful, but ornamental, part in the calculations for juvenile modes for the fall. Small gold and silver buttons give a very picturesque finishing touch to many of the little frocks, and a few very large ornamental buttons are used with good effect. Guimpes and collars of many kinds will be used. The big white collars of lawn linen, pique, embroidery and lace will continue to be worn. The white waist fabrics with embroidery are the most serviceable.

PHYLLIS.

In powdered wig and silken hose,
Young Corydon as suitor kneels,
To offer Phyllis fair the rose
That in its tender tint reveals
The color of his beating heart,
Which Cupid shivered with a dart.

But Phyllis coyly hesitates;
She may—she can't—she won't—she will.

The while her patient lover waits,
With all his heart a-beating still.
For Doubt itself suggests a chance
Of waking up the rare romance.

His face is fair; his eyes are blue;
He kneels a suppliant at her feet;
And surely must his heart be true,
Thus, with a smile serene and sweet,
She gently takes the proffered rose—
And ends his hopes and fears and woes.

Then Corydon pursues his suit
With tender touch and facile phrase,
While Phyllis, for the moment mute,
With eyes cast down before his gaze,
Listens to the tale of love lifelong,
To echo the immortal song. . . .

How often Watteau limned the pair,
And won the praise of many pens!
But disillusion's in the air,
And here they pose before the lens.
Yet Phyllis in her rich brocade
Is Phyllis still—in tailor-made.

Be sure we love her just the same
As in the days of yore, when we
Were wont to play the wooing game
In buckled shoon, on bended knee.
The Heart that loves is still a Heart
In all the divers dreams of Art.
—The Sketch.

JOAN'S INEXPERIENCE.

RUTH, Ruth, it's important; I want you—” from the further side of my door.

I had resolved to devote the morning to study, but, mother being on the continent, I felt a certain responsibility for my beautiful younger sister. The “important” decided me.

“What is it?” I asked, as she entered the room.

“You’ll never guess. Lord Avonmouth has proposed.”

“But you haven’t accepted him?” I asked, fearful that inexperienced Joan should trust her life to the man with the worst reputation in the county.

“Why not?”

“You don’t know anything about him?”

“Don’t I? He’s the most charming man I ever met, and I certainly said ‘yes.’”

“What will mother say?” I asked, as Joan, not at all discomfited at my cool reception of her news, left my room, humming the refrain of a song.

Perplexed with the situation that had suddenly arisen, I went down-stairs to find our old friend and neighbor, Jack Villiers, of whose presence the exigencies of the diplomatic service, to which he belonged, would soon deprive us. I told him of my trouble, and ended by asking his advice.

Ten minutes later he said:

“This is my idea. Joan is impres-



I ONLY SHOOK MY HEAD.

sionable. I have an old friend in town who has a rare knack of fascinating girls; I’ll get him down for a week’s shoot. If he devotes his time to Joan it may destroy her inclination for Avonmouth.”

The plan seemed feasible. I prayed that Joan’s affections would be diverted from their objectionable object.

Two days later I received a note from Jack saying that his friend had accepted the invitation and was coming to-day.

When I descended about luncheon time, Jack and his friend were the only occupants of the drawing-room.

“Let me introduce you to my old friend, Claud Blackwood,” said Jack. I gave my hand mechanically. My thoughts were concerned with Joan’s future.

Later, I noticed that he had fine eyes and there was plenty of him, but all the same I was disappointed. Perhaps I expected too much.

Soon Lord Avonmouth and Joan strolled in from the garden, and, after the usual commonplaces, we went in to luncheon. Before half an hour had passed, I discovered that Captain Blackwood fascinated me, and to such an extent that I almost forgot my fears with regard to Joan. She, too, seemed interested. Her white muslin dress, decorated with a red rose at her waist, showed off to advantage her rich, young beauty.

After lunch, while Joan and I waited the men in the rose garden, I was strangely silent. I had only thought for Jack’s friend.

When the men had been with us some few minutes Jack maneuvered so that Captain Blackwood and Joan strolled off to inspect some ruins at the farther end of the park.

“Well contrived,” whispered Jack as they disappeared from our sight.

“Well contrived!” I echoed absently.

The next morning we assembled for a ride previously arranged. Jack again managed that Captain Blackwood accompanied Joan.

Though the knowledge that he left my side reluctantly gave me intense secret pleasure, I found myself surrendering to a desire for isolation; and soon I was alone with the softly whispering trees. Their sadness had never seemed so attuned to my mood before. Horse hoofs, a beating of my heart,

and Jack’s friend drew rein beside me. The whispering of the trees was so beautiful I wondered I had not noticed it before.

He did not speak. I summoned courage to glance at his face—only for a moment.

“I think we had better find the others,” I said, “I want to speak to Jack.”

“Have I offended you?”

He never knew the effort it cost me to curb his ardor when he reminded me of my self-imposed duty to Joan. Ten minutes later Jack was beside me.

“Blackwood said you wanted me.”

“I want him to give all his time to Joan. Have you forgotten our compact?”

He was so confused that I said to him: “What’s the matter?” Then as he did not answer, “Surely you can tell me,” I said.

“I love Joan, have always loved her, and you know it’s hopeless, hopeless.”

I did not contradict him.

A week passed, and Captain Blackwood, happily, was still among us. Our scheme, as far as Joan was concerned, had answered admirably. She had been so distant to Lord Avonmouth that he had betaken himself to Paris. But I had saved Joan by compromising my life’s happiness. I loved Captain Blackwood, and I feared with a great fear the day on which he would take his imminent departure.

While he was near I could be almost happy. But I knew the blackness that would supervene when he had gone.

At last the moment of the dreaded day arrived when we were to say good-by.

He stood before me. I could not look at him.

“Ruth!”

“Good-by!” I whispered.

“Not good-by. Never good-by.”

“Why?” I timidly whispered.

“I love you, I love you.” Then, after a pause, “Have you no word for me?”

Duty to Joan alone restrained me from throwing my arms about his neck.

“Have you no word for me?”

I could not speak, I only shook my head.

When I next had a consciousness of things he was gone.

“Where’s Ruth?” cried a voice. It was Joan’s. I dried my eyes and summoned the ghost of a smile.

“Here she is!” cried Jack’s voice. They entered together.

“Why didn’t you come with us to the station? Captain Blackwood was in such a bad temper we left him before the train started,” said Joan.

“A good job, too,” from Jack.

“Jack!” from Joan.

“It is. Joan and I are engaged. I should never have asked if we hadn’t found ourselves alone on the way—”

“What?” I gasped.

For answer Joan took Jack’s hand in hers.

“What about Lord Avonmouth?” I asked when a few moments later Joan and I were alone together.

“I hate him. I always loved Jack, and I knew he loved me, but he wouldn’t speak. I pretended to care for

Lord Avonmouth as Jack was going away, and—what is the matter, Ruth?”

I had no time and less inclination to explain. I seized a hat and hurried toward the station.

Half way there I paused for breath. The warning whistle of a train seemed to stab my heart.

“Come back, come back, my love,” I cried.

For answer a cloud of white smoke that told me of the departure of the man I loved. All the same I pressed on. Arrived at the station I almost fell into the arms of the stationmaster, who prided himself on the flowers that decorated his station.

“What’s happened, miss?”

“I want a gentleman, but he’s gone.”

“There’s a lunatic here, if that’s him, miss.”

My attention was drawn to a knot of officials who were watching a tall, well-built man who was viciously striking the heads from the flowers with a walking cane.

“A lunatic,” I gasped.

“Well, miss, he drove for a certain train, but didn’t go by it. Ever since he’s been spoiling my flowers, and he looked so savage none of us liked to interfere.”

At that moment the lunatic caught my eyes.

He approached.

It was the man I loved.

“You!”

“Yes, dear.”

Our eyes said all that was left unsaid. —Mainly About People.

THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

Archbishop Martinelli a Man of Rare Charm and Tact.

One of the most popular as well as diplomatic representatives which the Pope has ever sent to this country is Archbishop Martinelli. Although leading a most secluded life at the papal legation at Washington, his popularity extends throughout the United States. He was sent to America in 1896. In him are united the most lovable qualities of the Latin race. Tactful and possessing a knowledge of the traditions of the people among whom he lives, he is ever careful against offending. The infinite pains, too, that he takes in small matters, his never failing amiability and unselfishness endear him both to the people of his own church and those of other communions who have the privilege of knowing him.

Monsignor Martinelli was educated at Rome under Cardinal Seplacci, of the Angelica, being ordained as a priest March 4, 1871. He is a member of the Order of St. Augustine, to which his brother, Cardinal Martinelli, who donned the habit in 1863, also belonged. Shortly before his ordination, the mon-



MONSIGNOR MARTINELLI.

signor lived for some years in the Augustine community in Ireland, where he became familiar with the English language as it is spoken by our Irish cousins, and his accent still suggests a slight brogue.

In 1889 Archbishop Martinelli was elected to the post of prior general of his order, and in 1895 was confirmed in this office for a term of twelve years. It is doubtful if anyone among the Augustines is more popular or more widely loved, and none surely have a more potent influence.

The Curse of Gold.



“Papa is afraid some man will marry me for my money. Do you think anyone would?”

“Some men will do almost anything for money.”

Queer Houses in New Zealand.

New Zealand has some quaint things in the way of houses. In places where flat land is scarce, there is sometimes a difficulty in securing space for a place on which to build a house. Here is a singular situation for a cottage, access to which is gained by climbing the rock at the back. In the back blocks of a new country some queer habitations are erected, and a bootmaker’s shop in the wilds of the colony is rather a picturesque specimen. It is composed of sacking on a frame of saplings, while the chimney, from which his “shingles” is hung, is formed of “bungles”—the stems of the handsome Punga-Punga treefern.

If a man attempted to keep track of as many kin as his wife keeps in mind, he would have to hire a bookkeeper and a stenographer.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Once I was a fat caterpillar. You would not think so now as you look at my beautiful wings, would you? I used to watch the butterflies sailing about and wish I could fly as they did. I could not crawl and could not go very fast.

I used to feed on milkweed leaves. I liked them as well as you like bread and butter, little boy.

One day a little girl broke off the leaf on which I was feeding and took it, with me on it, into a room where there were many children. Some of them said “What a pretty caterpillar!” I had stripes of yellow, black and white across my back.

A lady took me and put me into a glass jar. I could not get out. Every day the children brought fresh leaves for me to eat. There was nothing else for me to do, so I ate and ate and grew very fat.

By and by I began to feel sleepy. I spun a covering to keep me warm, rolled myself up in it and had a long, long sleep.

One day I awoke and tried to throw off my clothes, but they seemed very heavy, and I could not move them at all.

But after trying many times I was at last able to crawl out of my warm bed.

I was stiff at first and could hardly move. Something seemed to have grown on my back, and I could not get rid of it.

I crawled over some dry leaves and got out of the jar and walked on the window sill.

Soon a little girl said “Oh, see the lovely butterfly!” I looked around, but could not see one. Then some children came up to me and said again: “See the lovely butterfly!”

Then I knew they meant me, and I knew what was on my back. I had wings—just what I had always wanted. I spread them out that I might see them. Now I could fly!

I tried it and fell. But after trying a few times I could do it very well. How happy I was!

This morning the lady opened the window and I flew out into the sunshine. I have had a lovely time flying about, and stopped here to rest a moment.

Now I must be off again. I wish the kind children who fed me had wings, too. Flying is so much more fun than walking. I know you would like it, little boy. Now off I go. Good-by!

Children of the Dragon Land.



Boy from far-away China.



A little Celestial maiden.

Robin and Crusoe.

“Betty,” said mamma, “how is it that Ruth never comes in any more with you?”

Betty bit into her cookie and hesitated. “Well, we’re mad,” she said, slowly, with flushing cheeks. “Ruth said that Robinson Crusoe wasn’t a real live man, and I said he was, so—er—we got mad about it, and now neither of us will speak first.”

“Why, that’s very sad,” said mamma, “for Uncle Ben has been in from the farm and left these, one for you and one for Ruth.” She pointed to a basket on the lounge, where two furry little Maltese kittens lay curled up asleep. “You will have to keep them both now, Betty.”

“Mamma, dear, please, did you see where my hat fell? I am so excited about the kittens! Why, I’m going straight over to Ruth’s!”

Ruth was doing her patchwork stint by the sitting-room window. It was lonesome work, too, without blithe little Betty. But a shadow fell over her, and there was Betty looking eagerly into the window.

“O, Ruth,” she cried, “come over to

our house. I don’t care a pin about Robinson Crusoe, and Uncle Ben has brought us such lovely kittens!”

A happy smile broke over Ruth’s sorry little face, and the patchwork block fell into the box with the needle punched into it. Mamma laughed at the hugging and squeezing the kittens received, and said, suddenly, “Betty, you had better call your kitten Robin and Ruth hers Crusoe. Then—”

“Yes, ma’am, we know,” said Ruth, shyly.

“And we’re sorry,” added Betty.—Youth’s Companion.

One Wheat Grain.

Did you ever stop to think of the responsibilities of a grain of wheat? We are so used to seeing the field sown with wheat and the crop come up and ripen that we quite forget how each little grain does a great work through the summer days in multiplying and adding to the farmer’s harvest. A farmer near Phoenix, Ariz., planted one grain of white Australian wheat, and at harvest time from it had sprung 1,360 grains of this large, fat wheat. He planted ten acres of this wheat and harvested 117 sacks, each weighing 138 pounds. The single grain spoken of produced thirty-six stalks, so you see even a grain of wheat helps wonderfully.

A Little Nap.

There is an old saying that opportunity is kind, but only to the industrious. As an illustration of this idea we may cite the old Persian legend that a poor man waited 1,000 years at the gates of paradise hoping that they would open and he could enter. Finally he snatched one little nap of a few minutes’ duration, but then it was that the gates opened—and shut. Von Moltke, the triumphant strategist of the Franco-Prussian war, said:

“To win you must be at the right place at the right time, with a superior force.”

The great Napoleon made that the active principle of his marvelous military career. The rule holds good in all the pursuits of life.

HE EVENED MATTERS.

A Small Boy Who Removed a Possible Cause Heli.

An uptown family has two interesting children who are always getting into mischief. The boy, who is the older, is usually the instigator of the escapades, and so though the small girl runs away with him and gives the cat coal oil and sets the plants on fire, and steals the eggs the cook expects to have for breakfast, “to beat with sand to make a nice creamy cake,” she usually escapes with a lighter punishment than is meted out to the chief culprit.

Yesterday, however, the heir of the family got even. An uncle of the children had given each of them a beautiful little cut-glass goblet. Now, they didn’t care a thing about the cut-glass part, but they cared very much for the fact that the name of each was traced on his possession, and they treasured them as if they were wrought of diamonds—for awhile.

The first day, indeed, they would hardly drink from them, they deemed them so precious; the second the inventive genius of the son tempted him to set his on the kitchen stove so that it would get soft and he could write his age on it. Directly, of course, it was in bits.

Then he tried to buy his sister’s treasure, but it was not for sale. Not even two boxes of tin soldiers and an equal share in the hobby horse could induce her to part with it. Then, after much coaxing the ingenious youngster brought him of a project.

“Put your goblet on this stone, sis, and then we’ll let this big stone drop on it and bounce off. It’ll be lots of fun; the goblet is so nice and hard,” he said.

Confiding little sister, nothing loth, did as she was bid, and in a moment all that remained of her cherished possession also was broken to pieces.

“Now, don’t cry,” said the brilliant son of the house amiably, when all was over. “I did that on purpose, so we wouldn’t quarrel over it. I shouldn’t think you’d want anything I didn’t have some of, anyhow. That would be selfish, so let’s play policeman.” And play policeman they did until called to account by the powers that are forever interfering with them.—Baltimore News.

China’s Crack Regiment.

All armies have their crack regiments. China’s is known as the “Tiger Guard.” Its members are supposed to be very tigers when turned loose in war. Then, too, they are dressed in yellow, the imperial color, with stripes of black in imitation of a tiger’s skin. The cap is made of split bamboo, and has ears to it.

A bamboo shield, with a monster’s head painted on it, completes the fantastic uniform.

A “Tiger” officer in full uniform, as he appears on occasions of review or parade, is a matter of no small interest and wonder to the stranger.

A highly polished helmet, terminating in a crest of gold, and a tuft of colored hair on a rod eight inches above the cap; a robe of purple or blue silk, richly adorned with gilt buttons, and reaching to the feet, which are encased in black satin boots, constitute a costume of picturesqueness and inconvenience.

His implements of war are in keeping with the uniform. All of them glitter with gems and precious metals. What sort of fighters the “Tigers” make remains to be seen. They are carefully selected men, of good proportions, and enjoy numerous privileges.—London Mail.

Conceit is to character what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it is supposed to improve.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

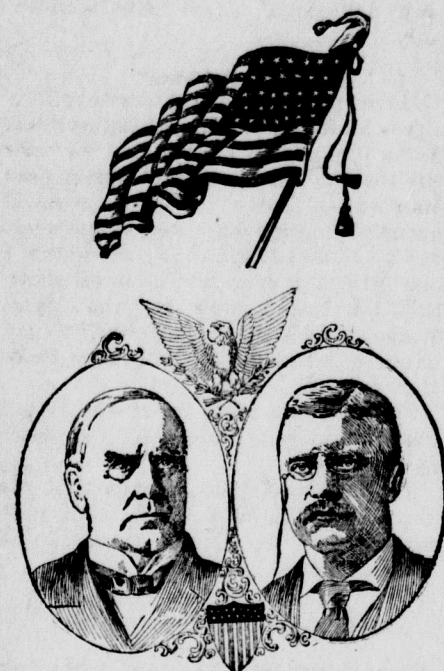
Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance, \$1.50
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Advertising rates furnished on application.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1900.



For President
WILLIAM MCKINLEY of Ohio
For Vice-President
THEODORE ROOSEVELT..... of New York

For Congress
—Fifth District
Hon. E. F. Loud.

For State Senator
—29th District
Hon. Jas. D. Byrnes.

For Assemblyman
—52d District
Hon. Henry Ward Brown.

For Supervisor
—First District
Julius C. Eikerenkotter.

Make no mistake in your vote for State Senator. Chuck in a straight ballot for Hon. James D. Byrnes, who will two years later aid in the election of a Republican U. S. Senator.

Every one wants the present prosperous condition of this country maintained. The way is through the continued protection of American products and American labor. To make sure of this, vote for our veteran Congressman Hon. Eugene F. Loud.

Speaking of the full dinner pail, our Uncle Sam has a good, big, well-filled pail in the way of an increase in foreign trade, in the way of an increase in exports over imports, in an increase of bank clearings, in an increase of deposits in savings banks, in an increase in the price of farm products, in an increase of wages and the number of workmen employed, in an increase in the balance of trade and the amount of sound money in circulation; in short, expansion everywhere and increase in everything save business and bank failures. But Mr. Bryan says all these things and everything connected with the full dinner pail are vulgar.

Mr. Bryan sneers at the full dinner pail argument as something gross and altogether vulgar. It is dollars to doughnuts that Mr. Bryan never misses a meal himself nor fails to make as much hay as possible whilst the sun of Republican prosperity is shining.

In his recent speech made in this town Mr. J. H. Henry, Democratic candidate for Congress, declared that Admiral Dewey made an alliance with the Filipinos. Admiral Dewey is a Democrat and has publicly and in writing denounced such statement as absolutely false, but Mr. Henry evidently holds the word of the treacherous Aguinaldo of greater value than that of America's great Admiral.

The friends of Mr. Henry have been charging that Mr. Loud failed to aid in securing the Alviso slough appropriation. The letter of Mr. Wm. H. Lawrence, which we publish in this issue, effectually punctures this fabrication.

The letter speaks for itself. Read it and you will find that the success of that appropriation was due almost entirely to Mr. Loud.

The most powerful and perfect campaign document of the campaign was comprised in the first ten pages of Monday's S. F. Chronicle. The Chronicle did not waste a line nor word upon abstract theory or windy discussion. From first to last the ten pages were filled with solid incontrovertible facts in the form of official figures, statistics and statements. These were marshalled in systematic order and sequence and to an unbiased mind are simply irresistible.

The Bryan organs are busy crying coercion. The same cry preceded the Bryan defeat in 1896. It means that these shouters smell disaster and are using this device to hide their humiliation. Any man with a grain of common sense knows there is nothing in the charge of coercion. In the course of an unusually rabid coercive tirade the San Francisco Examiner recently admitted as much in the following words: "Fortunately the American workman is a man of independent spirit, resolved to stand up for his rights. Furthermore, the Australian ballot system is in operation in nearly every State, and when the voter gets alone in his booth with his ballot and his conscience, the intimidator has a poor field for work."

In other words, any attempt at intimidation or coercion of voters under the present ballot system would be both futile and foolish. No one seriously believes that the employers of labor are lunatics or that Republican political leaders are a lot of brainless idiots. The fact is that the coercion cry is an empty bubble and the plain people have too much good sense to be stampeded by it.

The press dispatches say that at Hinton, West Virginia, Mr. Bryan made repeated reference to the race question, and that there were quite a number of colored people scattered through the crowds. In referring to this race question, Mr. Bryan is quoted as saying: "I want to submit this question to the Republicans: Do they approve of what is being done in the South or do they oppose it? If they oppose it, why do they propose worse things in Porto Rico and to the Philippine Islands than have been proposed in the South? Read the qualifications adopted by your own Administration for voting in Porto Rico and you will find they have an educational qualification there that deprives 9 per cent of the black men of voting age of the right to vote?" This is the nearest Mr. Bryan has ever come to answering the question so often asked him as to what he thinks of the disfranchisement of the colored voters in North Carolina and only the hope of pulling the wool over the eyes of his colored auditors induced him to open his mouth at all.

Mr. Bryan has in this campaign forfeited and lost whatever claim for candor and frankness he may have at one time been credited with.

Any one Democrat or Republican of whatever age, color, or previous condition, who knows anything whatever, knows that Mr. Bryan's statement is not only not true but that it is an evasion of the real question.

Republican legislatures and States have, it is true, established an educational qualification. We have it in this State. But it applies equally to all men, be they white, black, or any other color. It is the same with Republican policy in Porto Rico and everywhere. But in the South Mr. Bryan's friends have deprived black men of the ballot by a so-called educational qualification and at the same time and under the same act have, by

political and legislative jugglery, known as the "grandfather clause," admitted illiterate white men to the elective franchise. This is the outrage to which Mr. Bryan's attention has been repeatedly called, and which he has not had the moral courage to face.

In his recent speech at Albany, New York, Mr. Bryan illustrated his argument on imperialism by the following reference to the hauling down of our flag in the city of Mexico in 1848: "I think Mexico is far better off because we took our flag down from the capital and brought it back to the Rio Grande."

The reference and illustration is most unfortunate for Mr. Bryan. The government of Mexico is today the only government on the North American continent that is thoroughly imperialistic. The administration of the President has been wise, it is true, but as despotic as that of the Czar of Russia. The present government of Mexico is, under the guise of a republic, a military despotism.

Again, in bringing our flag back to the Rio Grande, we kept it waving just across the river in Texas, and carrying the flag with us northward we halted at the line between old and New Mexico and lower and upper California and hoisted it and have kept it waving ever since in all that vast territory comprising this grand state of California, the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, and a portion of the state of Colorado.

As a matter of fact, we stripped Mexico of these, her fairest and richest possessions, at the point of the bayonet. The acquisition was by force. For fifty years we have governed a large portion of this acquired territory from Washington. Does Mr. Bryan think the people of Arizona and Mexico would be better off under the Mexican flag?

We will not ask Bryan's opinion as to California, for he has evidently abandoned the Golden State as "the enemy's country."

PRESS NOTES.

LAND AND WATER.

"It has been the experience, not of one country or of one people or of one time, but the experience of all countries and all people and all times, that wherever is separated the ownership of the land and the water, stagnation of development follows. That whenever you unite the ownership of the land and the water, the man who owns both is an independent freeman, and then you have conditions which create development and permanent prosperity." —George H. Maxwell in address at Phoenix, Ariz.

LITERARY NOTES.

The problem of enlarging the White House without destroying the noble lines of the present historic mansion or subordinating it, is successfully solved in the November Ladies' Home Journal. The plans presented by Colonel Theodore A. Bingham, the government official in charge of the White House, provide for an imposing building, comporting with our national dignity, and offering the President ample office space and living room under one roof. In the same issue of the magazine "The Loveliest Woman in All America" gives a charming pen-picture of Emily Marshall, whose transcendent beauty was so much admired three-quarters of a century ago. The personal and artistic sides of Ethelbert Nevin, the composer, are brought to light in "The Man Who Wrote Narcissus," and the other notable features: "The Story of a Young Man," by Clifford Howard; "The Successors of Mary the First," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Blue River Bear Stories," by the author of "When Knighthood was in Flower," and "Josiah Allen's Wife's" fourth visit, will be read with interest and enjoyment. Edward Bok condemns the lack of taste shown in furnishing American homes. The photographic views of "The Most Artistic House in New York City" cover two pages, and will prove a revelation. A page drawing by A. B. Frost shows his country folks "Waiting for the Mail," a remarkably interesting illustration. There are plans for "A Quaint, Old-Fashioned House for \$6600," and innumerable articles on woman's work and allied themes, including, of course, the fashionable things in women's attire. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in California for our establish manufacturing wholesale house. \$800 a year, sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate. The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR MEMBER OF CONGRESS, Fifth Congressional District—

Hon. E. F. Loud

Regular Republican Nominee.

Election Tuesday, November 6, 1900.

FOR STATE SENATOR, Twenty-ninth Senatorial District (San Mateo and Santa Cruz counties)—

Hon. J. D. Byrnes

Regular Republican Nominee.

Election Tuesday, November 6, 1900.

FOR MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, Fifty-ninth Assembly District—

Hon. Henry Ward Brown

Regular Republican Nominee.

Election Tuesday, November 6, 1900.

FOR SUPERVISOR, First District—

Julius C. Eikerenkotter

Regular Republican Nominee.

Election Tuesday, November 6, 1900.

Vultures and Rattlesnakes.

When the international boundary commission resurveyed the lines between the United States and Mexico, there were naturalists in the party. Dr. Mearns, who, with his assistants, collected many specimens of birds and mammals, tells of a fight in the air between a California vulture and a rattlesnake which he saw while exploring the Cocopal mountains of Lower California.

It was in the early morning. The big bird had seized the snake behind the head and was struggling upward with its writhing, deadly burden. The snake's captor appeared aware that its victim was dangerous. The burden was heavy, as the reptile was nearly five feet long.

The grip of the bird on the snake's body was not of the best. The snake seemed to be squirming from its captor's talons, at least sufficiently to enable it to strike. Its triangular head was seen to recoil and dart at the mass of feathers.

It did this once or twice, and then, with a shriek, the vulture dropped its prey. The bird was probably 500 feet or so above the observers. The astonished men were then treated to a spectacle seldom seen. Few birds but a vulture could accomplish such a feat.

The instant the snake escaped from the bird's clutches it dropped earthward like a shot, and, like a shot, the bird dropped after it, catching it in midair with a grip that caused death. At any rate, the snake ceased to wriggle, and the vulture soared away to a mountain peak to devour its hard earned meal.—Youth's Companion.

A Human Lion Cowed the Lion.

At Cape Town a lion tamer was going through a performance in a cage with a full grown lion lately caught. Suddenly it was seen that the brute was putting the trainer through his paces rather than being put through himself. Softly, crouching and creeping, the big cat edged itself between the thoroughly unnerved man and the door of the den, fixing its victim with two rolling yellow orbs of flaming ferocity and sawing the empty air with its tufted tail as it crouched preparatory to springing.

Many men among the audience, used to the ways of wild beasts, saw and comprehended, but only one man possessed the knowledge and the presence of mind to avert the apparently inevitable. Pursuing up his lips as though he were going to whistle, he emitted a horse, low, rasping hiss.

The beast heard and understood, for the sound was an exact imitation of the noise made by the giant constrictor when its huge body is coiled for the throw that never misses, that never relaxes and that no beast of the field is strong enough to withstand. Again and yet again the raucous sound rasped the stillness, and the angry brute drew back its head, its great eyes grew small and dull, the hackles rose and stiffened on its back, and it cowered, whining, on the floor of the cage.

Relics of Former Ages.

The big tree of California is unique in the world. It is the largest, oldest and most majestically graceful of all trees. Scarcely of known tree species, it is the best living representative of a former geologic age. It has come down through the ages simply by reason of its superb powers of defense against hostile conditions. The bark is sometimes as much as two feet thick and is almost noncombustible. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at the heart. Yet, with all its advantages, the big trees do not seem to have increased their range since the glacial epoch.—Washington Post.

A Defender of Black Snakes.

The reporter was advised not to kill a black snake under any circumstances. An old, honest, reliable man explained this:

"Only a few days ago I saw a black snake whizzing around in a circle, his flaming eyes distended. His attention seemed riveted on something not far away. I advanced, and, to my astonishment, I saw a large rattlesnake coiled up in battle array. The black snake continued his circuits, getting a little nearer to its victim each time. After 10 or 15 minutes the rattlesnake dropped his head on the ground. Almost instantaneously the black snake pounced upon its victim. After securely fastening his teeth in the back of the rattlesnake's head he began his deadly coiling. Within five minutes that rattlesnake was dead. So don't kill a black snake."

The color came in the old gentleman's face as he was relating the above, and he said:

"Boys, black snakes are game, but they won't hurt you, for I had one for a pet for years, and because my old woman woke one night and found the snake in bed she raised an awful fuss and killed it."—Lebanon (Ky.) Enterpriser.

A Long Bath.

A man who is a lawyer and a journalist in one of the smaller inland cities of Ohio tells of an uncle he has in the region of Massillon. This relative is one of the plous members of a small community and, being possessed of considerable executive ability, has been for more than 20 years the superintendent of a thriving Sunday school. His besetting sin, if it might be called such, is his propensity to exaggerate stories in order to make them interesting to his auditors.

Some time ago he was telling his lawyer-journalist nephew of how he cured himself of the ague. It was several years ago, and, having tried every remedy in vain, he at last consulted an old Indian doctor, who advised him, he says, to go down to the creek each morning immediately on rising and sit in the cold water up to his chin. He was to sit there one minute the first morning and then double the time each day for 20 days. The uncle says he followed the prescription and was cured.

The nephew, who happens to be of a calculating turn of mind, figured out how long his uncle would stay in his cold bath on the twentieth day. He found that the last treatment would last a few days over six months.

Novel Chinese Clock.

It must be conceded that in some qualities of primitive but practical resourcefulness the Chinese are ahead of most civilized nations. All travelers agree that if in a district where clocks and watches are unknown you ask a Chinaman the time of day he will, if well disposed, at once proceed to amuse and capture the household cat and after pushing up the lids and looking for a moment into its eyes he will tell the time with astonishing accuracy.

The explanation is a simple physiological one. The pupils of the cat's eyes constantly contract until midday when they become like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn perpendicularly across the eyes. After 12 they begin again to dilate. It is to be hoped that if the practice is ever introduced into this country watches and clocks will continue to be made, as there will probably be many who will not care to run after a cat whenever they want to know the hour or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers.

THE SECRET SERVICE.

Firework Work of Reading a Cipher Dispatch of 2,000 Words.

Some governments make use of numerals for their ciphered communications with their agents abroad, others a mixture of numerals and words, and yet others exclusively words. Of course, the only problem that needs solution in dispatches of this kind is to ascertain the key number or key word. When that is accomplished, the remainder is easy, though generally very tedious. Indeed it is difficult to conceive of a more tiresome, head splitting piece of work than either to cipher or decipher a dispatch of some 1,500 or 2,000 words. The writer talks from sad and weary experience.

Some governments change the key word or key numerals with each dispatch, according to a settled arrangement. Others, again, change it every month. Sometimes it is placed at the beginning of the dispatch, at other times at the end. To the uninitiated a dispatch of this kind will appear in the nature of a Chinese puzzle, but to an expert cryptographer the deciphering of a government code dispatch is mere child's play.

Occasionally the dispatch will appear a mere jumble of consonants without any meaning, while at other times it will be so ciphered as to contain sensible and plausible sentences, the meaning of which appears on the surface. It was a code of this kind that was used by the Spanish secret agents in this country during the war with Spain, and the clever staff of secret service men employed by the United States government were in a very short time possessed of a key to the cipher in question.—New York Tribune.

The highest point at which flowering plants have been found was in Tibet, at 19,200 feet. Nine species were recorded at 19,000 feet or higher.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 8 1/2 inches.

THE COURT.

CHOICEST

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Only ten days until election. The Republican meeting was a dandy. Mrs. Dora Cohen is, we are pleased to note, improving. Tom Benner of the Court saloon has been quite sick the past week. Senator Healy has given his lumber yard office a new coat of paint. Hon. Jacob Bryan of Colma, candidate for Supervisor, was in town Monday.

An epidemic of mumps has thinned out the attendance in the public schools at Redwood City.

We are pleased to see our esteemed fellow townsman, Patrick Ferriter, around again, after his late illness.

Hon. Eugene F. Loud and Hon. Frank McGowan were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin on Tuesday.

The funeral of the late Jasper Huckfeldt was conducted by H. F. Subr & Co. of No. 1137 Mission street, San Francisco.

Mr. August Keller, a clerk in the San Francisco postoffice, in company with his wife, paid a visit on Tuesday to Mr. and Mrs. P. Ferriter.

The total number of animals, horses and mules handled by W. R. Grace and Co., at the horse-breaking corral, is between seven and eight thousand.

The Tanforan social club, an association of our young folks, recently organized, will give its first grand ball, at Michenfelder's Armour Pavilion, on Thanksgiving Eve.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

The Republican local committee desire to thank Mr. W. J. McCuen who generously furnished chairs for the Republican meeting at Butchers' Hall on Wednesday evening.

Mr. E. Adams is entitled to a big chunk of credit for the fine arrangements at Butchers' Hall on Tuesday evening. The Republican committee and party owe him a thousand thanks.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Don't forget next Friday, Nov. 2d. On that day you can drop into the Postoffice building at any time from 1 to 4 p. m. and pay your taxes to Tax-Collector Frank M. Granger and carry home your tax receipt for 1900.

Chauncey Treadwell, a colored horse trainer in the employ of W. R. Grace & Co., near this place, was arrested in San Francisco Saturday evening, charged with criminal assault upon a young woman near the Almshouse.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

W. J. Andrews and Otto Berlinger have joined forces and have opened and will keep open every day a first-class market in our town. Both partners are well known here, both are good live rustlers and will spare no pains or expense in catering to the public. Fresh oysters, fish and poultry will be made a specialty on Fridays.

The directors of the Western Turf Association, held a meeting at their office in South San Francisco on Thursday, October 25, at 11 o'clock a. m., at which meeting a formal transfer of the belongings of the Association were formally transferred to the San Francisco Jockey Club. The Western Turf Association has leased its race track and property to the San Francisco Jockey Club, but will maintain its organization. Its office at this place has been removed to the Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

The Republican mass meeting at Butchers' Hall, on Tuesday evening, was the local event of the present campaign. The hall, which had been beautifully decorated by a committee of patriotic ladies, under the direction of Mrs. Eikerkotter, with evergreens, flowers, flags and portraits of our Republican candidates, was filled to overflowing with a most intelligent and enthusiastic audience, composed not only of substantial business men and stalwart workmen, but a goodly number of the wives, sisters and daughters of both.

The local band furnished the meeting with excellent music, but owing to the serious illness and critical condition of Mrs. Miller, whose residence is near the hall, no noise nor music even was permitted outside the hall.

The principal speakers of the evening, Hon. Eugene F. Loud and Hon. Frank McGowan, arrived at 4 p. m. and spent the interim preceding the meeting in company with Committee-man W. J. Martin in greeting and receiving the greetings of citizens.

At 8 o'clock sharp the meeting was called to order by Mr. W. J. Martin who introduced that sturdy Republican and pioneer citizen Mr. D. O. Daggett as chairman of the evening. In a few brief well chosen words Mr. Daggett presented Hon. Eugene F. Loud as the veteran, able and efficient representative in Congress of the people of the Fifth Congressional District.

Mr. Loud spoke for one hour and held his audience from first to last in the closest sympathy. His address was logical and convincing. It punctured the fallacies of Bryanism and set forth with truth and force the magnificent record and achievements

of the Republican Administration under the leadership of President Kinley.

Mr. Loud was followed by Hon. Frank McGowan, who delivered a most brilliant as well as entertaining address. Hon. Henry Ward Brown occupied a seat upon the platform.

The meeting was a fine one, and our local Republicans are proud of the meeting, proud of their candidates and confident of success.

On Monday, Oct. 22, Jasper Huckfeldt, a native of Germany, aged 54 years, and at the time mentioned employed as a teamster by Wm. Rehberg of this place, hauling loam to Cypress Lawn Cemetery, was instantly killed by a Southern Pacific Company's train on the railroad crossing at the entrance to Cypress Lawn Cemetery. The deceased was well and favorably known here, where he had lived and been employed for several years. He had been driving teams for Mr. Rehberg for three weeks immediately preceding his sudden and tragic death. Latterly he had been driving teams at Tanforan, but on Saturday evening complained to Mr. Rehberg that he thought the team was being overloaded or overworked and asked to be allowed to haul loam to the cemetery. The request was granted and Huckfeldt commenced driving to the cemetery Monday morning. He had delivered his last load for the day and was coming out of the cemetery on the main avenue to reach the public road. As he passed through the archway Southern Pacific train No. 16 south-bound and due at Cypress Lawn Cemetery at 5:27 p. m., came down the track going at a speed of about thirty miles an hour. Evidently Huckfeldt did not hear, or if he did, notice the approaching train until he was outside the archway when, according to the testimony of the train fireman, he whipped up his horses in an effort to cross the track before the train reached the crossing, but the train was too near and struck the horses squarely when they were on the track. Huckfeldt was hurled from his seat with great violence and struck the ground some 40 feet from the crossing, his head striking a stake or post, his skull being crushed by the contact. He breathed but a few seconds after the accident. The wagon was wrecked and both horses killed. The engineer and fireman of the train testified at the coroner's inquest, held on Tuesday afternoon, that the warning whistle was blown for the crossing. The fireman testified that the bell was also ringing. The assistant superintendent of the cemetery testified that he did not hear the approaching train, that if any warning was given by whistle or bell he did not notice it, but that he was so accustomed to passing trains that the warning might have been sounded without his noticing it. The verdict of the jury, after reciting the time and place, found that the immediate cause of death was shock and injuries received by being thrown from his seat and striking his head against the stake, and that the accident might have been avoided had there been a gate watchman or signal bell at the crossing.

The deceased leaves a wife and family in Germany, and a married son, Harry Huckfeldt, at 1446 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

LOUD'S RECORD.

The Alviso Slough Appropriation - A Campaign Falsehood Exposed and Refuted.

Wm. H. Lawrence of Campbell, Cal., in a letter to the editor of the San Jose Mercury, under date of October 15th, 1900, writes as follows:

"Will you kindly allow me space in the Mercury to tell what I know about the Alviso appropriation? I was appointed on a committee with two other men of unimpeachable character to investigate this matter at a time when at a meeting in San Jose Senators Perkins and White received all the credit, the plaudits and the thanks of that meeting for getting the appropriation through, and Mr. Loud was ignored or blamed as having had nothing to do with it.

"In our investigation we found: 'First—That Mr. Loud got an appropriation through for the preliminary survey, and

"Second—That in Congress Mr. Loud through his influence with the Committee on Appropriations had the appropriation of \$38,000 tacked on the bill of committee appropriations.

"Third—That, afterwards, during the adjournment of Congress, the chairman of the Appropriation Committee was appointed to the position of Judge, and the chairman who took his place on the committee without the knowledge and consent of Mr. Loud eliminated the Alviso appropriation from the recommendations. When Mr. Loud returned to Congress and found out what had been done, and knowing nothing further could be accomplished in the House, he turned to the Senate and, knowing that Senator White had a good deal of influence with the Appropriations Committee in the Senate, naturally turned to him for assistance, and through the influence of Senator White the Alviso slough appropriation was tacked on the Senate appropriations. After passing the Senate it was returned to the House where Mr. Loud worked hard for it and secured its passage.

"This is what the committee of investigation found, and our strongest evidence in the premises was a letter written by Senator White himself stating that it was through the earnest solicitation of Mr. Loud that he (Senator White) did what he did in the Senate, and not that he personally had any interest in the matter. If it is necessary I can produce the proof of what I have stated in this communication. I write this in justice to Mr.

PCE A. PONATOWSKI, President.

CHARLES L. FAIR, Vice-President.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JOCKEY CLUB

Will Have

75 Days of Racing

Beginning November 19, 1900

AT TANFORAN PARK.

First Meeting—Monday, Nov. 19, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 1, 1900.

Second Meeting—Monday, Dec. 17, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.

Third Meeting—Monday, Jan. 21, 1901, including Saturday, Feb. 9, 1901.

Fourth Meeting—Monday, Feb. 25, 1901, including Saturday, March 9, 1901.

Fifth Meeting—Monday, March 25, 1901, including Saturday, April 3, 1901.

Sixth Meeting—Monday, April 22, 1901, including Saturday, May 4, 1901.

of which three days of the last week will be given up to the California Pony and Steeple Chase Association.

Magnificent Racing is Confidently Expected.

D. LYNCH PRINGLE, Secretary.

RALPH H. TOZER, Racing Secretary.

Loud, and because Mr. Henry is telling the people that Mr. Loud had nothing to do with getting the bill through.

"Now, one thing more. I have heard it reported that Mr. Loud was a soldier without a record. Mr. Loud enlisted in the same organization in which I enlisted, the California Hundred and Battalion in San Francisco during the Civil War for service in the East. We joined the regiment for which we enlisted (the Second Massachusetts Cavalry) at Readville, Mass., for three years of the war. We served in the Army of the Potomac, and our regiment was in over fifty battles. We were with Sheridan in all his battles from Winchester (properly speaking, Cedar Creek), to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. Mr. Loud was mustered out of service on July 20, 1865, with the regiment, being one among the few of the survivors of the California Hundred and Battalion that went through with the regiment. At the time of his enlistment he was but sixteen years of age, the youngest man in our organization. If elected, as I believe he will be, he will never give his consent to have that flag for which he fought so gallantly hauled down in the Philippines. Mr. Henry in his address at Gilroy and now I quote the San Francisco Examiner said our flag must come down in the Philippines; that expression alone should defeat Mr. Henry if nothing else did."

NOTICE.

Frank M. Granger, Tax Collector for San Mateo county, will be in attendance to receive taxes, at the office of E. E. Cunningham, in the Postoffice building, on November 2d, 1900, from 1 to 4 p. m. Keep this date in mind, Friday, November 2, 1900, and be on hand with your cash and get your tax receipts.

NOTICE!

During the month of October there will be services (D. V.) in Grace Church every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock; Sunday-school at 10 o'clock. Lecture on confirmation every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

Persons desirous of receiving the rite of confirmation at the Bishop's next visitation, which will be the last Sunday in November, are urgently requested to attend these lectures.

J. N. T. Goss.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

FOR RENT.

A five-room cottage, with water free, at \$10 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

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Modern cottage of five rooms with bath, hot and cold water, good location, main street. Rent \$13; water free. Inquire at Postoffice.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in California for old established manufacturing wholesale house. \$800 a year, sure pay. Housery more than experienced required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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OTTO BERLINGER, late of Denver, has associated himself with W. J. Andrews, in the market business, at the old stand on Grand Avenue. Market open every day. Full line of

Choicest Meats

Oysters, Fish and Poultry a Specialty on Fridays.

W. J. ANDREWS & OTTO BERLINGER, PROPRIETORS.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market shows more life and prices are steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at lower prices. Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 fat Steers, 8@8½c; second quality, 7½@7¾c; thin Steers, 7c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6½@6¾c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 5½@5¾c; thin Cows, 4@4½c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 22½¢ and under 5½@5¾c; over 22½ to 300 lbs., 5@5½c; rough heavy hogs, 4@4½c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 3½@4½c; Ewes, 3¼@3½c, shorn, ¼ less. This Spring Lamb, 4@4½c live wt., shorn, ¼ less.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs., alive gross weight, 5c; over 250 lbs., 4@4½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality, 6@6½c; second quality, 5½@5¾c; third quality, 5@5½c; first quality cows and heifers, 5½@5¾c; second quality, 5@5½c; third quality, 4½@5c.

VEAL—Large, 6½@7½c; small, 7½@8½c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7@7½c; Ewes, 6½@7c; This Spring Lamb, 8@8½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 5@5½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12c; picnic hams, 9½c; Atlanta ham, 9½c; New York, shoulder, 9½c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16½c; light S. C. bacon, 15½c; med. bacon, clear, 11½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12c; clear light, 13c; clear ex. light, 14c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$13.75; do, hf-bbl, \$7.12½; Family Beef, bbl, \$13.25; hf-bbl, \$6.87½; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 11½c; do, Bellies, 11½c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$23.00; hf-bbls., \$11.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.50; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are as follows: Tcs., 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s. Compound 7 7½ 7¾ 7¾ 7¾ 7¾ Cal. pure 9 9¼ 9¼ 9¼ 9¼ 9¼ In 5-lb tins the price on each is ¼c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CURED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.50; 1s, \$1.40; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.50; 1s, \$1.40.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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to repair your old - - - to paper your old to alter or enlarge your - to see plans for 4 rooms & bath \$150 down and \$11 per month If so, see

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The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

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CONTRACTING.

J. G. Stout,

South San Francisco, Cal.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

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Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

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Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

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IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHELFELDER, Proprietor.

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BREWERIES

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Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

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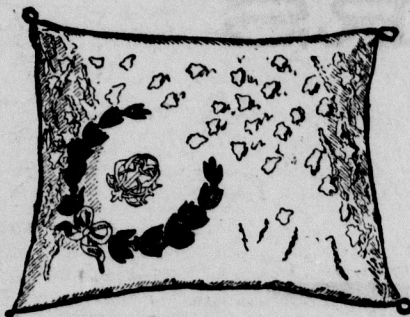
ECONOMY.

THE word economy is greatly disliked by some people. To them it expresses only discomfort, ugliness and other disagreeable things. This may be so with some household managers, but that is not economy in its true sense. True refinement does not depend for the expression on spending a great amount of money. Plate and jewels and hothouse flowers may be entirely absent from a house that shows refinement and culture. There is no necessity, because an income is small, that one's surroundings should lose all beauty.

Many people have a strong objection to anything that gives them any trouble or requires extra thought and care. They make economy hideous. They would rather have the things put on the table any way than to have it carefully set. It is too much trouble to them to water and tend a little fern for the table that they could gather in the woods and pot. They find it much too hard to study a cook book and make dainty, tasty dishes for lunch or breakfast. It is much easier to send around the corner and get a cheap steak that can be "popped in the pan" and cooked in a minute.

Economy requires thought and planning. Children may be taught the habit of economy, and it is a habit that should be cultivated. Teach them to fold and save bits of wrapping paper; to roll up and keep bits of twine and ends of various kinds. Hoarding is not natural to children, but economy is a wise habit that cannot be learned too early. It is a fact that Americans are looked upon as the most extravagant people in the world. It has been said that the French people would live in comfort on what the people of the United States throw away in their house-keeping. Cannot our thrifty house-mothers put their heads together and so manage their homes as to entirely refute such a statement and yet keep their homes pretty and enjoyable?

Design for Sofa Pillow.
A charming design for a sofa pillow is here illustrated. The original was executed at a well-known house in Paris. The material is a brocade of pale sea-green and white made up into a cushion of oblong shape, at one corner of which is embroidered in green, several tones deeper in shade, a wreath of laurel tied with a bow of ribbon worked in old rose silk and encircling a monogram also worked in the latter color. The cushion is finished with a green silk cord. In Paris very smart cushions are sometimes trimmed with closely gathered frills of lace, which



SOFA PILLOW DESIGN.

must be as fine and filmy as possible. The extravagance of this plan of making up is likely to prevent its becoming in any sense general, and, after all, when embroidery constitutes the main feature of decoration no finish can be so appropriate as a rich silk cord repeating the colors of the work or its background. The same idea could be carried out in blue denim, the wreath solidly worked in darker blue, and the bow and monogram in white or light blue. A thick cotton cord would do to edge the pillow. A very good quality of moss green sateen would also be effective if worked in silk and edged with a silk cord.

She's the Youngest Mother.
Mrs. Alverdie R. Shellenberger is proud to be the youngest mother in the State of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Shellenberger is only 13 years of age, and her gown reaches scarcely to her shoe tops. After the ceremony which united her to Shellenberger, who is 22 years old, about a year ago, she went back home and played with her dolls. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Snell, the parents of Mrs. Shellenberger, were averse to the wedding of their daughter to young Horace Shellenberger, of Lower Pottsgrove. When she remarked to her parents that she was going to be married they regarded it as childish talk. However, Shellenberger pleaded with Mrs. Snell to consent to the marriage, and, as she had been married at an early age, she finally consented.

Hysterical Girlhood.
Parents are apt to lose the sense of proportion between themselves and their children. They are unable to keep pace with the growth of ideas and feelings, and thinking once a child always a child, there comes a clash. The paramount will of the parent exercised for the good and advancement of the child,

when the child could have no will of his own, must gradually adjust itself to the growing will of the child, which should be developed and guided into the right manner of exercise, of reason and equity. Unless this is done the child's nature becomes warped, and the whole beautiful relationship of parent and child is thrown out of gear. The mother dominates over the daughter after she has grown up. It is her great affection for her that causes her to sacrifice her child's individuality. She would think for her, act for her, yea, breathe for her if she could. Mingled with this is a kind of jealousy not suspected, and the last thing to be acknowledged. Under this loving tyranny the daughter becomes nervous, hysterical, sick and drooping. In spite of the redoubled cares of the mother the daughter grows worse. The family physician must act if fate does not otherwise cause the separation, and see that the girl is transplanted into another environment. Freed from her mother's too vigilant care, her individuality has an opportunity to develop, her mind acts, and in this freedom her bodily equilibrium is restored and maintained.—Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, in Harper's Bazar.

Entertains Children.
Miss Pauline Wentworth makes a business of entertaining St. Louis children. She is considered a most useful member of the community. Miss Wentworth is a petite little woman, bubbling over with enthusiasm to amuse the little ones. The problem often so difficult for mothers to solve is for her no trick at all. Her musical education and studies along special lines have equipped her well for her chosen profession. The children are benefited not only for the time being, but for weeks to follow, after attending one of Miss Wentworth's charming parties. She will lead Germans arranged especially for very young people, and will furnish a complete program of songs and stories for little folks. But where her best work shows is in her clever arrangement of original and old-fashioned games. Birthday, Christmas and holiday parties are planned to suit the occasion.



When Writing a Letter.
To every one outside the family circle the christian name and surname should be written in full, says the Ladies' Home Journal. A married woman writes her name, Mary Bruce Talbot, and in a business letter adds beneath it, in brackets, Mrs. John Talbot. An unmarried woman writes "Miss" in brackets, before her full name, to a stranger when a reply is expected. Typewritten letters are only admissible for business communications. In such epistles the signature should be written by hand. Speak first of the interests of your correspondent and afterward of those which concern yourself. Never write anything over your own signature of which you might later be ashamed. Never allow any one to read a letter intended for your eyes alone. It is intrusted to your honor, even if not so explicitly stated. A letter sent by hand should be left unsealed, unless a servant be the messenger. Business letters should begin with "Sir," "Dear Sir," or "My Dear Sir," or if in the plural, with "Gentlemen," and end with, "Yours truly" or "Respectfully yours"—never "Respectfully alone," omitting the subject of the sentence. Ladies are addressed as "Madam," whether married or unmarried.

Thirty Years in Office.
One of the oldest of Uncle Sam's post-office officials—in point of term of service—is Mrs. M. E. Fifield, postmistress at Perry, Ill. For the past thirty years she has been at her post of duty, and has served the people of her town with universal acceptability. She has become weary of the work, however, and some time ago sent her resignation to the department at Washington, and Mrs. M. E. Fifield, surrendered the keys of the mail pouches and sundry other articles appertaining to her position to F. C. Moore, who has been appointed to succeed her. The appointment of Mrs. Fifield as postmistress of Perry dates back to 1870. She has held the office continuously ever since that date.

Vogue of the All Black.
The all-black hat is one of the most valuable of summer possessions. It sets off and balances certain flimsy but fashionable materials, and is at all times appropriate, whether for walking or driving, for maids or matrons. The black hat of the moment is wide of brim, which turns down over the hair in the back and "scoops" somewhat in front. It is trimmed with large, fluffy bows of mousseline de soie, chenille-edged, and the most coquettish place on the extreme front edge of the brim one or two pale crush roses that slightly droop downward.—Harper's Bazar.

Need Pay no Postage.
United States soldiers need not put postage stamps on their letters. By a special provision of the postal laws a soldier may mail a letter without postage, and it will be forwarded to its destination. When the letter is delivered there only single-rate postage will be collected. To insure this favor on the part of the postal department the soldier must clearly mark "soldier's letter" on the outside of the envelope, also sign his name and official designation and the command to which he belongs. The same regulations apply to the marines.

Feat of an Equilibrist.
South American equilibrist was struck with the bright idea of giving his performance on the balancing stone, and a large number of people assembled from far and near to witness this novel performance. Having commenced by climbing to the top of the stone with characteristic agility, the acrobat coolly went through all the tricks in his repertoire one after another, his efforts being liberally punctuated by the hearty applause of his gathering.

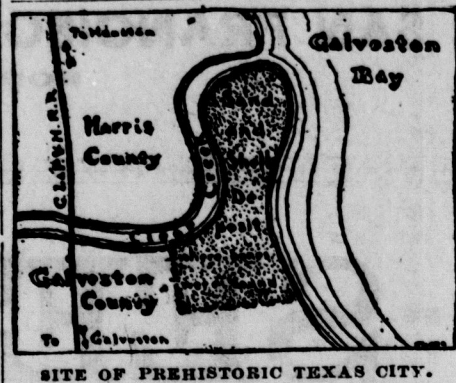
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LOST RACE OF TEXAS.

Prehistoric City Near Galveston Ensnared by a Tidal Wave.

Relics of a prehistoric race were discovered in Galveston, Texas, just previous to the storm that flooded the city. Nearly 2,000 human skeletons were found, and scientists who examined the excavations had just given the opinion that an ancient city had been submerged by a tidal wave that drowned all the inhabitants, when the calamity of centuries ago was repeated.

The bones were discovered in a search for relics for the archaeological exhibit at the Pan-American exposition, which is to be held in Buffalo, N. Y., next summer. The skeletons are beyond a doubt several thousand years old, and the character of the people who occupied the coast of the gulf at this period is an interesting subject for speculation. Whoever they may have been and whenever they may have lived, the remains found show beyond a question that some terrible outbreak



of nature caused the sudden death of thousands of these ancient people and their burial in the strata where by chance they were exhumed by the people of a far-distant age.

It was but a short time ago that the excavations were begun which resulted in these singular and extraordinary discoveries. The finding of the remains in the first place was quite accidental. H. J. Simmons, superintendent of the Arizona and New Mexico Railway, was making excavations along the lines of the railroad near Clear Creek, Galveston County, when bones were found in the earth removed. On examination of the contents of the steam shovel, skulls and human teeth were noticed, and further search led to the discovery of skeletons of whole families, together with ivory beads and other objects of human handiwork.

Realizing the valuable and scientific character of the discovery, a systematic search of the strata in the vicinity was made. Geologists say the whole section of the State was once covered by the Gulf of Mexico. The idea at once came to Mr. Simmons that in far distant ages a tidal wave had occurred at the time the gulf covered more of that part of the country than at present and that these bones were the remains of the thousands of human beings who had been drowned in the overflow of the waters of the gulf. His theory was later upheld by leading scientists.

DARING OF AN EQUILIBRIST.

Performed Feats on the Great Andean Balancing Stone.

Nature does many strange things—and so does man. Yet it is seldom that the two combine. A singular instance of this, however, recently happened in the Argentine Republic. At Tandil is a remarkable rock, curiously placed on one of the peaks of the Andes, in the midst of the picturesque hills of blue granite which furnish paving stones for the capital. So unique is this that all travelers passing in the neighborhood make a point of going to see this freak of nature. Happening to hear of it lately, a



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An Editor's Experience.

ARMY LIFE CAUSES PHYSICAL AND MENTAL DISABILITY FOR MANY YEARS.

Rescued from Death by Reading an Advertisement—A Journalist of Note Advises His Readers and Friends.

From Farmer & Dairyman, North Yakima, Wash.

In 1883 I entered the regular U. S. Army and was assigned to Co. "E," Sixth Infantry, then stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah. My boyhood days had been spent on a farm in Kentucky, but I had not been accustomed to manual labor for several years previous to entering upon active military duties. The constant and excessive daily drills, sleeping in tents and general exposure of a severe winter, brought on a peculiar nervous trouble, which soon incapacitated me for all garrison work.

The post surgeon ordered me to the hospital and diagnosed my case as muscular rheumatism. My lower limbs seemed to be dying—losing all sense of outward feeling. The most excruciating pains made me almost wild with misery and I could not stand alone. My appetite was ravenous, digestion perfect, lungs strong and general health good except for this distressing disability.

After several days' treatment with no change, the surgeon concluded I had heart failure. He prescribed tincture of digitalis, and gave me several ounces of this without any effect, except that I kept getting worse. In the fall of 1884, I was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, and began the difficult task of existing and trying to regain my health in a strange land, surrounded by unsympathetic people.

My condition continued to grow more alarming. I was compelled to use a heavy staff to prevent falling. All attempts at manual and mental labor were made under exasperating difficulties. I seemed about one-half dead. My weight was less than 140 pounds, though I was over six feet in height. I tried electricity with no avail. Several local physicians gave me treatment which was not effective. Many well advertised remedies for nervous debility were taken with no satisfactory results.

I read all the medical authorities obtainable, and finally found my symptoms under the head of Locomotor Ataxia. The author said there was no cure for the disease, and I believed him. He recommended a mixture of iodide of potassium and sarsaparilla, as a possible aid to existence. I took several bottles of this formula and double the strength. This failing, I made up my mind to die as soon as possible. There was no comfort, pleasure or happiness in life which knew nothing but pain.

One day I read the experience of a man who had been afflicted with Locomotor Ataxia, and cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought one box and tried the remedy, following the directions very closely. This had a little effect, and I procured a half dozen boxes, and took them before I was convinced a cure was possible. I began with one pill after each meal, in a few days I took two, and finally used one box a week. My pains gradually disappeared, color came to my flesh, I could walk, run and jump, and actually dispensed with a cane.

Words cannot portray my feelings. Today I weigh 200 pounds, am perfectly healthy and feel twenty years younger than I did ten years ago. Journalists and all brain workers are liable to afflictions such as I suffered. To all such I would advise the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in connection with cold water bathing, morning and evening. I will cheerfully answer any and all questions asked by those afflicted.

JOEL SHOMAKER,
Editor "Farmer and Dairyman,"
North Yakima, Wash.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 3d day of January, 1899.
JAS. R. COE, County Clerk.

A specific for all forms of weakness is obtained in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The blood is vitalized and becomes pregnant with the

elements of life. The nervous system is reorganized, all irregularities are corrected, strength returns and disease disappears. So remarkable have been the cures performed by these pills that their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization. Wherever you go you will find the most important article in every drug store to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

The man with the hoe is entitled to a grub stake.

Prof. A. Van der Naillen, the founder of the Van der Naillen Engineering School, of San Francisco, has returned from his annual trip in Europe, bringing new apparatus and much scientific data, gathered from a five months' stay at the Paris exposition.

Tonic for Impaired Health.
Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, Kentucky Favorite Whiskey, unsurpassed for medicinal purposes.

The man who plunges into fathomless depths and soars to the ethereal blue would do well to occasionally ask for a stopover on earth.

Its Shape.

"What is the shape of a ship going to pieces on a stern and rock-bound coast?" asked Gaswell of Dukane.

"Very bad shape, I should say. What shape would you call it?"

"A wreck tangle."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—

Like Bogies Like. driven from the out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early

The Sin of the Parent. life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease, to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.



Are You Deaf??

All cases of DEAFNESS or HARD-HEARING are now CUREABLE by our new invention: only those born deaf are incurable. HEAD VOICES HEARD IMMEDIATELY. Describe your case. Examination and advice free. You can cure yourself at home at nominal cost. International Aural Clinic, Dept. 128 CHICAGO

DROPSY
10 DAYS' TREATMENT FREE.
Have made Dropsy and its complications a specialty for twenty years with the most wonderful success. Have cured many thousands and cases.
DR. H. H. ORRIS'S DROPSY, Box N, Atlanta, Ga.

S. F. N. U. NO. 43, 1900

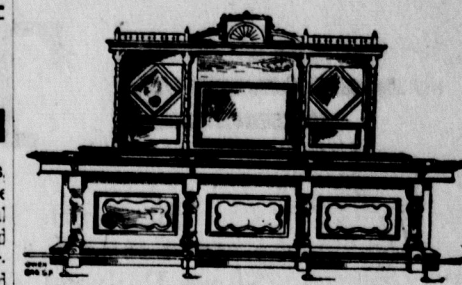
Sudden and Severe Neuralgia

attacks of

St. Jacobs Oil

penetrates promptly and deeply, soothes and strengthens the nerves and brings a sure cure.

BAR OUTFITS.



50 Patterns on Our Floors

All Ready to Ship.

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The J. Noonan Furniture Co.

Incorporated.

1017 to 1023 Mission St., San Francisco.

AN AMERICAN WATCH

The handsome 14-K. double gold watch ever offered. Beautifully engraved, hunting or open face, fitted with genuine AMERICAN MOVEMENT. No imitation, fully jeweled, nickel finished, properly regulated and adjusted, quick train and with all modern improvements—in fact one of the finest made. Lifetime Case and 20 YEAR GUARANTEE. In movement with... purchase equals any \$40 gold watch. Sent C.O.D. for \$25.00 and express charges, with privilege of FREE EXAMINATION. If not satisfactory, can be returned at our expense. An elegant Goldplated Chain worth One Dollar. FREE if \$1.00 is sent with order. Where no Express Order \$1.00 must be sent with order and goods will be shipped by registered mail. Write whether dealer or Ladies. Jewelry Catalogue free. People's Jewelry Co., Dept. 33 Safe Bldg. CHICAGO.

BRILLIANT Self-making Gas Lamp

Makes its own gas. Everybody can now have light brighter and better than electricity at about 1-10 the cost of kerosene or common gas. One quart gasoline lasts 18 hours, giving 100 candle power light; more than a electric bulb or a mammoth Rochester lamp. Anybody can run them; can be carried around or hung anywhere; perfectly safe; approved by insurance companies; over \$5,000 in daily use nearly two years; send for catalogue. Local agents wanted. BRILLIANT GAS LAMP CO., 43 State St., Chicago.

GUNS

Rifles and Pistols by the thousand; also a large stock of Ammunition, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle and Hunting and Campers' Equipments at Low Prices. Send for new catalogue. SHREVE & BARBER CO., 511 Kearny St., S. F.

Why Go to a Hotel?

when you can get a comfortable bed and a luxurious Turkish Bath for only \$1.00. Hand baggage taken care of free of charge.

POST STREET HAMMAM BATHS

222 Post St., above Grant Ave., San Francisco.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

ITCHING Piles produce moisture and cause itching. This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a box at druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. DR. BOSANKO, Philada. Pa.

FERRO-QUINA BITTERS
BLOOD MAKER—LIVER REGULATOR

For Malaria, Chills and Fever



THE BEST PRESCRIPTION IS Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The formula is plainly printed on every bottle—hence you know just what you are taking when you take Grove's. Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the **Original** and that all other so-called Tasteless Chill Tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's—its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

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SAN MATEO COUNTY.

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